Untitled Mileven & Jopper Story No 1 by Brown Eyes Parker

Category: Stranger Things, 2016
Genre: Humor, Romance
Language: English
Characters: Eleven/Jane H., J. Hopper, Joyce B., Mike W.
Pairings: Eleven/Jane H./Mike W., J. Hopper/Joyce B.
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-12-26 09:36:23
Updated: 2016-12-26 09:36:23
Packaged: 2019-12-17 14:53:54
Rating: T
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,173
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: Hopper and Joyce think they're going to have a night free of the kids but are met with an unexpected surprise. Rated T for suggestive situations between two consenting adults.

Untitled Mileven & Jopper Story No 1

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

Rated: T

Warnings: Just some mentions of sexual situations and actual suggestive sexual situations between two consenting, married adults. And Hopper is a total dad here.

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"Alone at last!" Jim Hopper said as he tried to move his wife's peasant blouse away from her shoulder. "It always seems likes we have the kids around. Remind me why our house is so popular again, the Wheeler's have a basement and the Henderson's have a Nintendo. All we have is a tape player."

"We're never here," Joyce Byers-Hopper reminded him. "You're still the chief of police and I still work when the hardware store needs a hand."

"Which" *kiss* "is" *kiss* "a" *kiss kiss* "lot," Hopper answered, moving from her shoulder to her neck. "But" *kiss* "they're" *kiss* "still" *kiss* "here" *kiss* "when" *kiss* "we're both" *kiss* "home."

Joyce sighed and closed her eyes. "Well, they're not here now!"

"I've noticed," Hopper replied, pulling away and looking at Joyce in the milky light of the moon. "Will and Ellie won't be home until late tomorrow afternoon. We can do *whatever* we want without any interruptions about snacks or sleepovers. Or if Mike can *please* stay for dinner for the millionth time this week."

"We can watch whatever we want to watch!" Joyce said. "Or pretend to watch it and make out like we're in high school."

"We can watch something other than *Star Wars*!" Hopper added. "You'd think they could act it out by now given the amount of times they've all rewatched it."

There were two small giggles.

"I wasn't joking, Joyce."

"Um, Hop, I didn't laugh. . ."

Hopper untangled himself from Joyce's arms and leaned over to flip the lights on. His mouth dropped open when he saw Mike and El sitting too close to each other and laughing into their hands.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE THE TWO OF YOU DOING HERE!?" He shouted.

"Hop. . ." Joyce soothed as Mike and El winced, containing themselves almost immediately. "I'm sure there's a perfectly good explanation for this!"

Hopper narrowed his eyes. It didn't occur to him that since they were laughing at what was going on between him and Joyce, they wouldn't be doing anything. "Oh, there better be! They're supposed to be at *his* house. Not here doing God knows what!"

Joyce rolled her eye. "Please. Mike wouldn't hurt a fly! Forget about him deflowering our only daughter!"

"Deflowering?" El repeated as realization dawned on Mike's face.

"Chief, sir, you've got to believe me, sir. . . we weren't doing anything like *that*, sir!" He insisted. "We weren't even holding hands!"

Hopper raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Then *what* pray tell, was it the two of you were doing in the *dark* exactly?"

Mike blushed cherry tomato red. "We were watching a movie," he muttered.

"Huh? I'm sorry. I couldn't hear you. You weren't talking loud enough! Could you repeat that?" Hopper said, cupping his ear with his hand and leaning forward.

El rolled her eyes. "He said we were watching a *movie*, dad!"

"What movie?" Hopper grilled. "It better not have been of the adult variety."

Joyce sighed in exasperation while Mike turned positively purple. "Oh honestly Hop!" she said, rolling her eyes.

"We were watching the first Star Wars!" El said.

"Why do that here?" Hopper asked, raising an eyebrow at her. "Mmmh? Why not do it at the Wheelers house where there's supervision and I know your other friends would want to watch it too?"

"Dustin likes to talk through the movie," El fibbed.

"Why should that matter?" Hopper challenged. "You've seen the movie a million times. A little talking shouldn't bother you at all."

"I—"

"We came over here to watch *Oklahoma*!" Mike interjected. "Okay?"

"Oklahoma?" Hopper repeated, laughter bubbling up in his throat. "As in the Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Oklahoma*? As in a *musical*!?"

Mike nodded miserably.

"I like them!" El defended. "I like them and none of the other guys do even though it was my turn to pick a movie tonight! They all argued with me! So, we decided to come over here to watch it. We were going to leave before you came home but it was too late, or maybe you were early!"

Hopper turned to Mike, guffawed. "You *willingly* watched a film where they break out into singing and occasional dancing!?"

El sighed in frustration. "Dad!"

"What? It's kind of funny," Hopper said, smirking and not going into details at how whipped Michael Wheeler really was. "I mean, I would have never watched that kind of movie when I was his age. Not for anyone."

Joyce nudged Hopper. "*Hop*, would you please be nice!? You don't want to embarrass them!"

"I'm just teasing him!" Hopper protested, secretly he was pleased that Mike was the kid his adopted daughter had chosen to lay her affections on. He was far more deserving of them than most of the other boys their age.

"I think it's cute," Joyce said, smiling at the younger pair. "And really sweet too!"

Figures she'd be on their side, Hopper thought.

"Why don't you two just hurry back to the Wheeler's?" He said instead, hoping to salvage the rest of his evening with Joyce despite her being a traitor.

"We're not in trouble?" Mike asked his relief was almost audible.

"This better not happen again!" Hopper told them both sternly. "Not without explicit permission from myself and Joyce or Karen and Ted. Do you understand?"

Mike and El both nodded in agreement.

Hopper looked at them sternly. "I need you both to use your words! Show me that you understand what I'm saying. I don't understand where you're going with your nodding."

"Yes sir!" Mike said quickly.

"Yes daddy!" El joined in.

"Go on now!" Hopper ordered as they stood and Mike helped El into her coat. "I'll call and tell your mother that you're both on your back to your house, Michael."

Joyce smiled at the both of them. "Have fun!"

"Love you mama!" El answered, standing on tip-toe and giving her a kiss on the check.

"Behave yourselves!" Hopper added as they both hurried out the door, causing Mike to blush again and El to grab him by the wrist and take off running.

Hopper chuckled and turned back to Joyce. "Now, where were we?" he asked, giving her his best come hither look.

"Sorry Hop, that kind sort of killed the mood!" Joyce replied, smiling at him. "But we *could* watch *Oklahoma*! The kids did leave it here!"

Hopper groaned.

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Author's Note:

I know I said I'd be gone until January 2017 but this was a Secret Santa gift for Blake. But now I am not going to be back until January 6th. . . unless, I come up with something for New Year's. BUT Val already did it SO well, I can't imagine coming up with something better.

Anyways.

If you want to tell me what you thought, feel free to.

Until Next Time!

Lots of Love,

Holly, 12/26/2016